

Here are the final chapters of an art project I started more then 4 years ago.
I hope you enjoy these weird texts!
Remember this is fiction
Greetings Emilia Sameyn Desmet

Previous Chapters:

<https://archive.org/details/3-dream-three-2023/page/n3/mode/2up>

https://www.reddit.com/r/Kunism/comments/16bsf93/5_september_dream_three/

https://drive.google.com/file/d/1dF5aXQxpy5icxmDdruCg9I-qPxS__Bbi/view

https://archive.org/details/05-09-2022_202209/mode/2up

SCROLL DOWN TO READ :)

1/09/2024

DREAM FOUR

Fiction

Warning, text and image may contain: monsters, possible doomsday, blood, negative emotions, gore

I was driving a car on the highway, the car was engulfed in blue flames because I was driving so fast. The man in the orange suit was sitting next to me. I felt relieved, he was orange again not blue. It was two years that I had not seen him! 'You, you survived?' I asked. 'Yes, I'm healthy as a fiddle!' I had no idea what that was supposed to mean but he seemed better than ever before. I switched to the middle lane, to pass some cars on the right. Then I went to the most left lane to pass even more cars, then I returned and so forth.

It was a smooth mechanical ballet between the cars driving on the road around 120 kilometres per hour (74 miles per hour). The sky was filled with hot air balloons, they were green, blue and orange. The sun was slowly setting casting the green hills in an orange glow. I cannot simply express how magnificent it all looked.

My orange friend started explaining all sorts of stuff while uplifting instrumental jazz was playing on the radio.

'The car is simply a vehicle for humans just like words are vehicles for meaning. Once we can understand the context fully without the vehicle we can finally experience a true singularity. We must program human language so people can communicate more clearly and face the challenges ahead. When we finally can communicate without the use of vehicles, all worlds will merge and everything will truly be beautiful.' After a pause he said 'Listen, this will might help you understand.' The orange man pushed a button on the radio and suddenly the instrumental jazz song had lyrics. It sounded like woman with male background singers.

This what they sang:

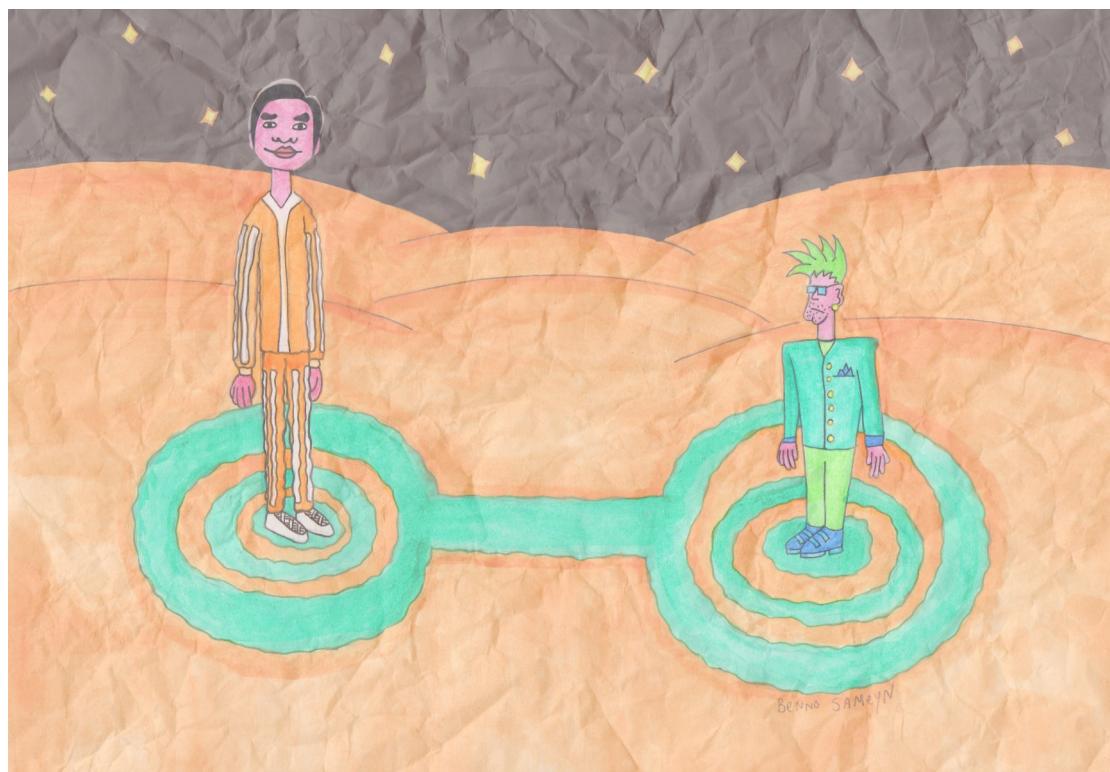
'Oh, when the sun goes dark
and the moon will no longer give its light, oh!
Stars will fall from the sky
and all will be shaken
The heavenly bodies will be shaken, oh!

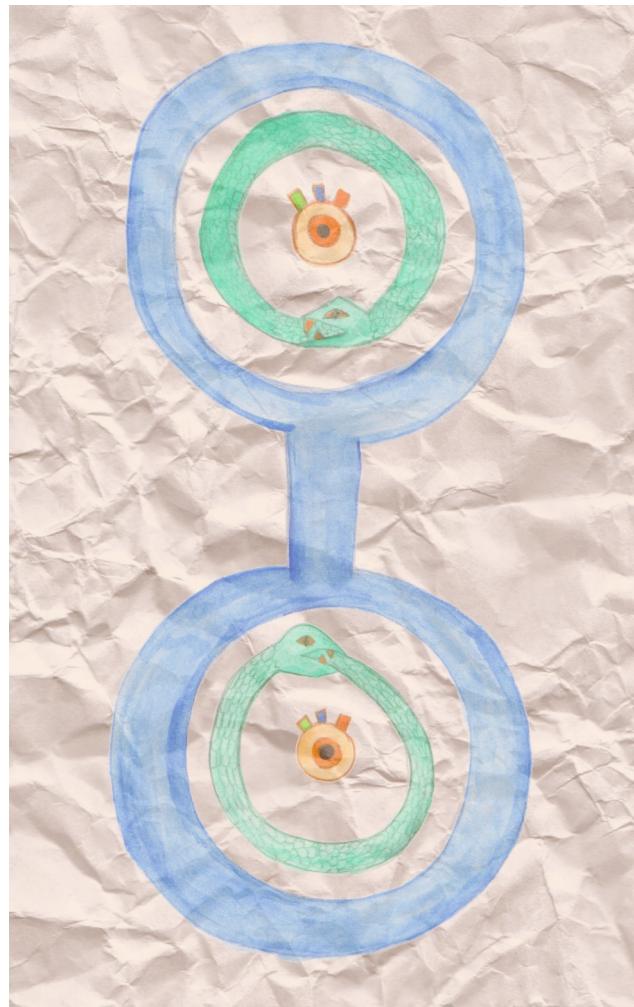
But at which hour fate will strike, no one knows
oh which day the fate will strike, no one knows, oh no
not even the angels, not even the angles in heaven
not even Matthew, Matthew the survivor
not the son, not even the son of the father
only the father, only the father might know
what no one else seems to know.

By the survivor's providence, him we watch
With the lanterns in hand we save the match
When the sun goes dark and the moon is gone
The night is not always dim
Hurray, boys! Hurray, girls! We dance and sing!
We dance and dance! Gone is the Orange King!
We drove towards a dark tunnel and entered it. all was dark. Then I opened my eyes.
I saw a desert, it was night.

I saw the green symbol in the sand. On the left stood my orange friend on the right stood a man in a green suit, I remembered him. He was the green teacher I dreamed about years ago! The orange man explained: 'I will now demonstrate how we communicate without a vehicle. Look closely.' I heard a snap and saw a blue flash. I saw that the two had exchanged places. It seemed to me like teleportation. 'So, you can teleport?' I asked. 'Not quite.' the green teacher said. 'Look'. Again they switched places but this time I saw blue sparks leaving their bodies. Again they switched places, and again and again and again. They kept going. They started chanting 'We are one, one are we. We are one, one are we.' They kept chanting and teleporting faster and faster. I saw their skin slowly melting. It sounded as if thirty people were chanting, not two. 'We are one, one are we.' Suddenly they started screaming yet they kept teleporting. Their bodies were enveloped in a blue fire. Their bodies melted away, underneath were the orange creatures but without their 'shell-hats'. I felt betrayed, sick to my stomach. 'Why, why did you lie to me? I thought you were my friend!' I said to what was once the orange man, but I had no idea which one to address. 'I'm sorry my friend. My answers are limited.' one of the creatures said. I knew he was once the orange man. 'We did not mean to lie.' Said the once green teacher. Then the once orange man explained 'What we did was necessary. You needed a revelation about the inside and the outside. You must ask the right questions. When we used the needles and the test-tube it was for research only. I wanted to warn you and explain to you but the organisation was researching fear. When all is explained there is no fear. You needed to be scared to grow stronger to become brave. 'What if you had broken me?' I screamed filled with anger. 'We didn't.' the once green teacher said. 'We will no longer hurt you.' 'How can I know for sure?' I asked. 'That is the right question.' the teacher remarked. I was confused and angry and walked away from the two creatures, from the symbol. I walked into the darkness. I only saw black. In the darkness I saw another version of the symbol floating before me. The outside was blue, then there were two snakes in it and two eyes. I slowly woke up feeling melancholic.

Remember 5 September 2024.
- Samuel Salesbury





2/09/2024

DREAM FIVE

Fiction

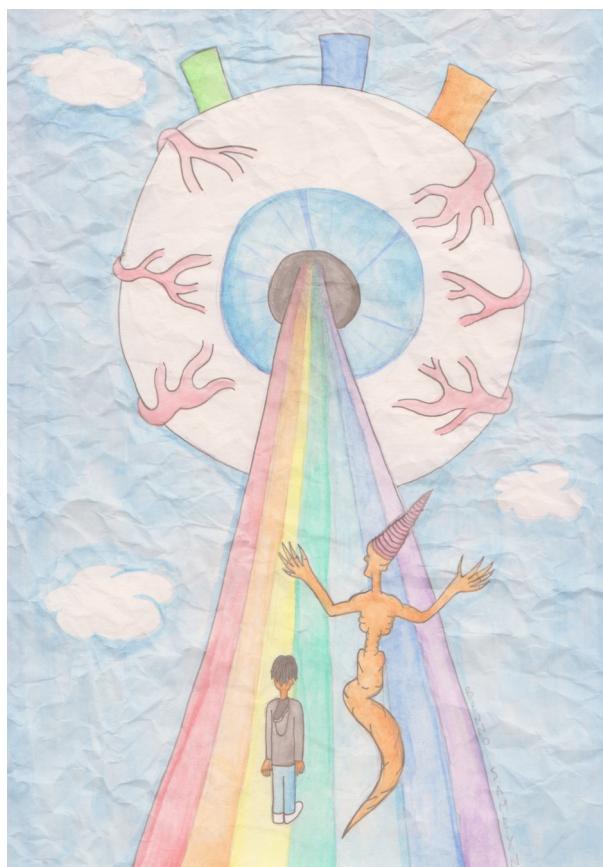
Warning, text and image may contain: suicide, monsters, guns, possible doomsday, nudity, fetuses, infinity, space, blood, negative emotions, gore,

I was laying in bed. Then I felt a presence. I looked up, it was the orange creature. I felt a strong familiarity I somehow knew it was once the orange man. 'I wanted to apologize.' The creature said. 'I want to make it up to you. I will show you something, something amazing.' The creature opened my bedroom window, a rainbow appeared out of it. It looked so cheesy, as if something from an 80s fantasy movie. 'A rainbow, really?' I said with a "I'm-rolling-my-eyes-tone". 'The rainbow symbolizes the light that feeds us all.' The creature crept on the rainbow and gestured me to follow.

I was a little scared, but my curiosity won. I crawled out of my bed and stood on the rainbow. As if the rainbow was some escalator, like some conveyor belt, we went up! We went into the sky. I felt the wind blowing on my body. I looked down, because of the height I felt ticklish in my stomach. 'I can see the whole town!' I shouted with a smile.

'I know.' The creature said with what looked like a smile. The rainbow increased in speed and we went faster upwards. I changed my position to feel safer. I had to sit on my knees with my hands on the floor because of the speed. I was afraid I would fall down. 'Hold on!' the creature said. We went through a cloud, everything was grey for a while.

We emerged from the cloud. I had to squint my eyes. It was day, the sky was bright and blue. I was filled with happiness. 'Behold!' the creature said. My god, I saw a giant floating eye. It was staring right at us. It had fat veins bulging and pumping. 'Do not fear, my friend.' the creature said. The rainbow-escalator slowed down. I noticed I was now wearing my regular clothes. I stood up. I realized the rainbow was going inside the eye. It looked as if the eye was some sort of room. 'The colours nurture the soul with information.' my slug-like buddy explained. I looked down, I simply saw blue, nothing underneath. We had to be really high, or in some blue gas-planet. Perhaps we were in another universe, another dimension.



We went inside the eye. I gasped. I saw a giant fetus drifting in the air. The rainbow escalator slowly came to a halt. 'What, what is that?' I stuttered. 'He is the one that will bring forth the great change. We are all him and he is us.' I felt chills running around my spine. The thought we were all connected to some giant fetus gave me a cold feeling.

I noticed the baby had a huge belly, the rainbow went inside the belly. 'Why is he pregnant?' I asked. My orange friend gave a lengthy explanation:
'He is pregnant of a child and his child is pregnant of another child and so on.
He is the great Ouroboros, the snake that eats its own tail. He is Atlas carrying the world.
That child is the turtle, that stands on a turtle that stands on another turtle. They are
turtles all the way down. He is the infinite regression, the infinite containing the infinite.
He is the one that connects us all and we are the one that connect to him. His birth will mark
a time when words will no longer be vehicles of meaning, meaning will fill itself and spread
throughout the universe. Its birth will be eternal, a never-ending matryoshka doll.
The barriers humans have put up will fade away, behind those barriers will be other barriers
and behind those other barriers and so on. Masks will be lifted only to be met with another mask.
Reality will never fully reveal itself, but we will be closer to it then never before.
Getting closer with increasing speed, never stopping but never touching it, the distance forever
shrinking but always existing.'

Needles to say listening to him gave me a headache. 'I know its a lot, but you will have a whole day
to reflect on it. We are just the ones that recycle souls.' He extended his index finger and touched
my forehead. 'We recycle souls.' He repeated. Then I woke up, I felt a little groggy
but after a while I felt okay.



Remember, remember five September 2024.

That is what its for.

- Samuel Salesbury

3/09/2024

DREAM SIX

Fiction

Warning, text and image may contain: possible doomsday.

Thinking about this dream is making me doubt if this was real or not. The dream started so real and so mundane. I was walking in the park as I do most free days as a part of my routine.

When I walked back to my house a black car stopped near me. I thought it was someone asking for directions. I walked cautiously towards the car. The driver opened the window, I could hardly believe my eyes. There was a man in a blue teletubby costume sitting behind the wheel. 'You need to stop drawing and writing about your dreams.' He said in a stern way. 'Do not share or discuss your dreams with anyone.' 'We will be watching you.' The man, looking frustrated, drives away. Then I continued with my day. I realized this memory must be a dream, because, what else could it be?

Remember, remember 5 September 2024.

That is what its for.

- Samuel Salesbury



DREAM SEVEN

4/09/2024

Fiction

Warning, text and image may contain: possible doomsday, monsters, being trapped, nudity, infinity,

space, blood, negative emotions, gore

Leading up to this dream my dreams have become more vivid and weird. Sometimes I think I see the green teacher amongst the crowd when I walk around. When I look he is not there. I feel a sort of presence, a sort of looming as if something big is going to happen.

This was my dream:

I was in space. I was in Earth's orbit. Tiles were floating around Earth. I jumped from tile to tile. The orange man was walking in front of me. Because he was so tall he did not need to jump from tile to tile. His legs were long enough to walk on the tiles. He was doing his usual explaining. 'These tiles represent the evolutionary steps we, as intelligent species, have to take.' While jumping I blinked.



Suddenly I stood in a crowded street. I saw orange men walking around, they al looked exactly like my friend. This made me a little upset. I knew my friend is an orange creature and these men are creatures in disguise. Yet I thought my friend was special, but here they are, walking in their orange man suits. I think disguising in a human has a function to them.

For them it is like a suit. We recognise fire fighters and police men by their clothing. Perhaps the 'Orange men' suit might have the same function, signifying a function in their world. One orange man looked at me, smiles and motions to follow. I recognised his smile, its my friend, its 'my orange man.' I follow him but it was hard. I had to avoid being accidentally kicked by these orange men. My orange man noticed this, walked back towards me and grabbed my hand. We walked, I felt like a child amongst these huge people. All buildings were orange and quite big. We arrived at one building. The orange man ringed the bell. Someone opened the door. Its the green teacher. I felt calm and safe. We walked trough the orange building, it looked like a regular house, except a lot of things were orange. The walls were covered in green drapings. I realize green drapings must be part of their culture. I also saw some colourful objects that are hard to describe. They must have technological gadgets we do not (yet) posses, I realized. We went to the garden. I gasped. I saw, the man in the blue flames, an orange creature and the man in the teletubbie suit. 'No!' I said 'I'm going away!' I turned around and walked back to the front door. The orange man followed me. 'Do not be afraid, you must overcome your fears, they will not hurt you. We will simply talk and drink.' I stood still, curiosity once again got the best of me, I guess. I turned around. My orange friend smiled. I went back to the garden. Everyone was happily sitting there. 'Take a seat.' said the orange man. I took one of those plastic chairs and sat at the table. The blue flamed man jokingly pushed his elbow against my arm. 'I'm sorry about chasing you.' He said. I always thought the fire would hurt, but it did not. They were talking and laughing discussing things about the organisation. 'No, Matthew would make a terrible leader for the language division we need someone like Arthur Clarke or Eric Blair.' 'Remember when Huxley was so angry that he threw our thought-accelerator on the ground?' These were the things they would say. I felt calm. I felt like a kid invited to a table of adults, proud I was accepted as one of them, even though I could not always understand the things they said. One moment the orange creature removed his shell-hat, revealing his bald head and said 'It's Britney Bitch!' I had no idea what that was supposed to mean but we all laughed. Then I drank coffee. I remember I was about to take a sip when I blinked. As soon as I had opened my eyes everyone was gone. I was drifting in space with the table and the chairs. The chairs where slowly drifting away from the table. My cup was suddenly empty but with traces of coffee. The cups and glasses on the table where also starting to drift away from the table. I felt how cold the empty space was, even though I could still breath. I felt lonely and betrayed. Remember 5 September 2024.

- Samuel Salesbury



DREAM EIGHT

5/09/2024

Fiction

Warning, text and image may contain: possible doomsday, monsters, being trapped, nudity, infinity, space, blood, negative emotions, gore

I walked in the green hallway. I hate this place. I walked and I walked, it seemed like an eternity. I saw what looked like a square in the distance, could that be, the end of the hallway? Even though my legs felt heavy, my pace increased. I noticed a green rectangle. It must be a door. I arrive at what is indeed the end of the hallway with a green door. I hear a faint low humming, are people singing? I went through the door, and I'm in a big orange hall. It is a huge room. The walls are covered with orange drapings and the floor is covered with a red carpet. There are white marble statues standing in the room of muscled men and naked women. In the middle of the room there were the orange creatures. They al 'looked' at me even though they don't have any eyes, their faces were pointed towards me. The orange man stood in the middle. The orange creatures all sang in a low nasal voice. I could not understand a word they were singing. I guess they were singing Latin at a very slow pace. I did recognize a melody I think, the four notes of the Gregorian chant 'Dies Irae' but very low and slow.

'Why have you abandoned me at the garden?' I asked the orange man.

'Your fear of abandonment stems from your own insecurity.' 'What do you mean?'

'You do not need to be afraid, for what will be shown to you will be great.'

The orange creatures start to sing more loudly and a little faster. One of the creatures has a drum and starts hitting it.

I saw orange thorns coming out of the head of the man. 'Are those fingers?' I thought. A line started forming, from the thorns to his legs. The line was a split, the man was slowly splitting it two. The thorns were indeed fingers pushing open the man's body. Fingers became hands and hands became arms. I saw that inside the orange man was an orange creature. The man's 'body' became flimsy as a latex suit and fell on the ground. The other creatures sang more loudly and the drums beat increased in speed. The once-man-creature moved forward. One creature came forward and gave the once-man-creature its pink shell-hat. The once-man-creature opened his arms and shouted.

'Behold! The birth of a thousand planets is near! Behold!'

Everything became covered in a bright orange light, I could only see orange, then I opened my eyes. I was in my bedroom again, in the normal world.

I am afraid what my dreams will hold....this night.

- Samuel Salesbury



DREAM NINE (FINAL)

6/09/2024

Fiction

Warning, text and image may contain: possible doomsday, monsters, being trapped, possible doomsday, nudity, fetuses, infinity, space, blood, negative emotions, gore

I walked in a huge green field. I had a feeling I had been here before. No, I was sure I was here before. This was the same area, the same world perhaps, where the orange man showed me his orange city a few years ago. I felt peaceful. I noticed a little orange line in the distance, it was moving. Sigh.... that creepy orange man is going to ruin my peaceful walk.

I was deliberating to walk away but I decided to engage a conversation, I needed answers. I walked towards the orange man. It took a while. When he was close enough I shouted. 'Hey, why did you leave me at the garden? What was up with that creepy singing ritual?' My remarks made him smile. He walked closer to me. He calmly said to me: 'Sorry, I left you. I wanted you to see my rebirth so I invited you over. It meant a lot to me that you were there. Not many humans witnessed what you saw.' 'Thanks I guess.' I said. We walked together. 'But WHY did you leave me?' I asked. 'Technically I did not leave you, the connection fell away.' 'You mean that garden-dream was like a Skype conversation?'. 'Yes, we create a micro-world where physical space in your origin universe is irrelevant. Well, it is supposed to be irrelevant but the connection turned out to be unstable because of the distance.'

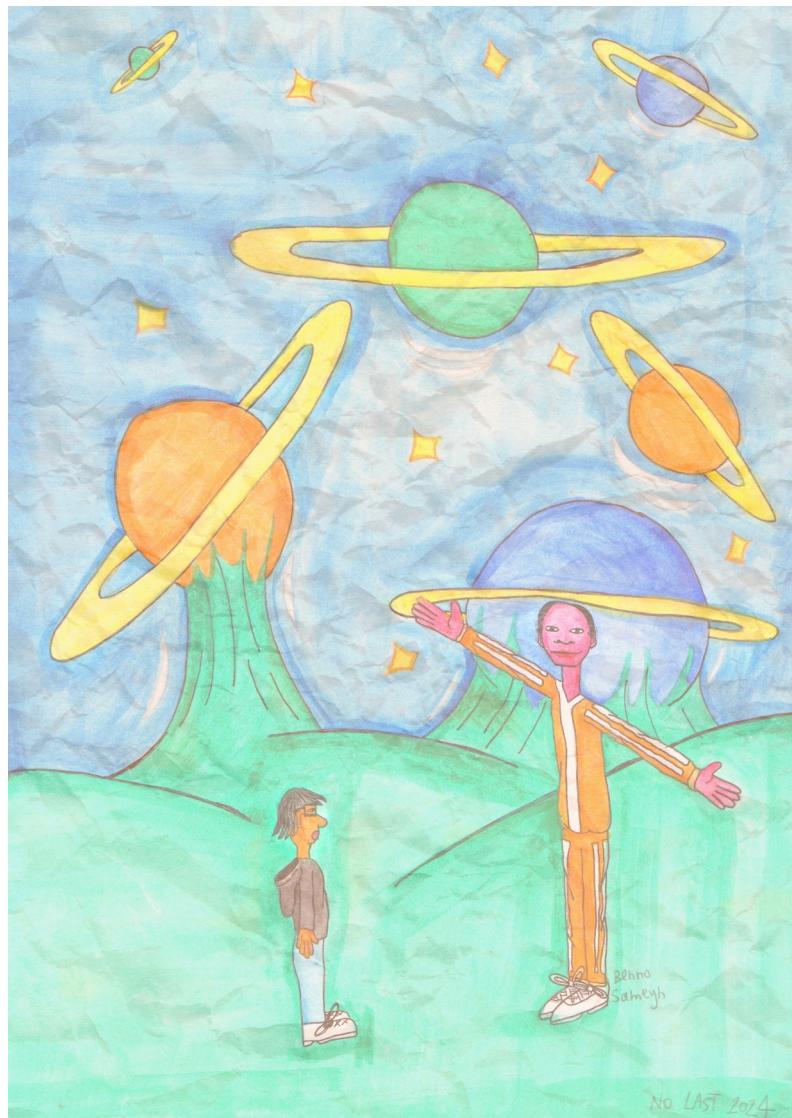
When we succeed distance will become irrelevant, we will connect and exchange. The past will become clear as water and we will see the branch of possibility stretch before us, for time and possibility are spatial dimensions like width and length.' I said: 'Okay, whoa, I think you have a lot of explaining to do.'

'Was I not clear?' The orange man looked quizzically. I answered: 'You told me so much, but I'm not sure I understand.' The orange man continued explaining: 'When our work is done you will understand. Now, my friend, relax, for we will witness the birth.' 'You mean that fetus thing?' 'No, the birth of a million worlds.' The orange man stood before me and stretched his arms. 'Behold, my friend! Behold!'

I saw the fields moving, it seemed like waves, as if something underneath wanted to get out. Green, orange and blue domes were raising from the green grass. The domes grew and started to go up. They were spheres, floating in the air and going upwards. Circles around the spheres started appearing. They looked like planets, like Jupiter. The ground stuck to the planets like bubble-gum until the planets were high enough, then the ground 'let them go'. They drifted upwards, upwards into space. 'Now they are small but they will grow, they will go far, far away and grow.' The orange man said.

The orange man started explaining while the planets kept being born. 'Now before we go, I must tell you. Our next step will happen at 5 September 2028. We must keep an eye out and you must spread the word. Humans are sometimes trapped in situations they do not like. They grind away their life for green meaningless paper or a digital number. We are trapped behind screens. We need to go outside, walk and talk. We need to eat the fruit nature gives us. We need to play and run not sit and die. We fill the silence with music and talking but sometimes silence can be golden, silence to think, to reflect. We rob ourselves of our dreams we must sleep the eight hours not six or four. Breathe the air don't pollute it. Add plants to the houses and give humans grass on their roofs. Plant flowers, plant food. We need less meat and less air-planes. Plastic is poison for our earth, we must stop it. Find new ways for energy. Work for meaning not for money. Your kind works and works but where is the time for rest? Everyone is beautiful, everyone is worthy of existence, everyone is worthy of happiness. We don't need much to be happy. Food, water and a place to stay. Trust in yourself, believe in yourself, love yourself. Love nature, love this world, this life. Yes, it can be hard, yes it can hurt really bad but the sadness will end, the sadness will end. Remember whatever happens you will be alright. Remember, remember the 5th of September! 2028! 2028!'

Then I woke up.



So yeah here I am, spreading the words of the orange man.

Again the orange man seems to have a point. A lot of people are trapped in a situation they do not like. I guess they can leave their job and find something else, but that is easier said than done, I guess.

If I'm stuck with a job that I hate, I would try to find another job. I would try to see if I could work less to focus on something I like. I am merely speculating I have never been 'stuck' in a bad place. I guess money is not 'real' but it is a 'system' that works even though the 'system' is not perfect. A lot of people are also addicted to internet and games. Yeah, going outside seems like a good idea. I'm sometimes bothered by loud sounds and music because I live in a city so I understand the statements about silence. We need indeed more nature to filter our air and less plastic. Yeah, everyone is allowed to exist and be happy unless your a murderer. Murderers need to go to prison or a mental institution in my opinion.

Then the orange men told me about

5 September 2028

I don't think anything special will happen on this date.

The world will not end.

Yet, it is interesting to note that my strange dreams seem to have a four year interval.

I think my dreams reveal something about my unconsciousness and our culture.

People have been having dreams about 5 September 2020. I think multiple people have seen something similar in our culture and started dreaming about it. Some might use '5 September' to recruit cult members or ask for money. Don't trust them. Use logic.

Remember 5 September 2028.

And always remember what Carl Sagan said:

Extraordinary claims require extraordinary evidence.

- Samuel Salesbury